

RECORD

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL

John Trifero



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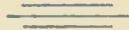
BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY, 1934

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of
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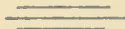


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On Books and Reading

THE true value of good reading can never be really estimated in terms of practical, every-day profit. Neither is it something that can be used to measure or adjudge whether a man be cultured or not; for it is entirely possible for a person to be educated and to read good books and still not be cultured in the truest sense of the word. However, good reading is most assuredly a step in the direction of achieving culture, provided that it is used to build up one's own individuality and not as intellectual window dressings. People who leave fine looks on their library tables unread and who are continually prating about the merits and demerits of this or that book, even though they may have never read the book itself, but simply a criticism of it, can hardly expect to derive any benefits from good reading. As John Cowper Powys says, "it is ever the mark of the parvenu in education to chafe and fret until his or her opinions correspond to the last word of modish sophistication." That is something to be avoided, for then is not our true personality swallowed up and engulfed, lost to us forever? If anything, our contact with books should impress us with the necessity of having some sort of original philosophy in our outlook on life.

Somebody once said that next to living people books can be our best friends and companions. The actual

significance of that statement will be lost on those who are unacquainted with books. They, boisterous noisy beings, who rush and stamp hilariously through life, afraid of spending one minute alone lest they should stop and think what foolish lives they are leading, will never know the contentment and happiness one boy or girl will draw from the pages of a book in a single afternoon spent alone. They will realize when it is too late or perhaps never at all that the pattern called life is not all one color, not all joy and contentment. It is rather a combination of happiness and sadness, of pessimism and optimism. There is an old Latin saying: Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat; and he does it, says Havelock Ellis, by an excess of optimism whether it be in the case of nations or individuals.

Books can serve us as shock-absorbers against the hard knocks of life. There are books, the reading of which makes life more bearable for us. It is not a wise policy to neglect them.

Somewhere Milton says: "Time nor place can make a mind," and this reminds one of him who wrote later with the wisdom of the ages: "I would rather be a pauper and live in a garret than a king who did not love reading."

—Eric G. Makris

The members and the faculty of the school deeply sympathize with Mr. Chapman in the loss of his son, who had already gained promising recognition in the educational world.

The Man in the Making

ON THE second day of the new year, the senior-class was extremely fortunate in having to address them, Mr. Cameron Beck, personnell director of the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Beck has traveled from coast to coast in his work, and has made contact with more high school boys than perhaps any other man in America.

After being introduced by Mr. Downey, who extended his wish for a happy and prosperous New Year to the class, the speaker proceeded by asking that each senior turn about and clasp the hand of a fellow classman wishing him, "A Happy New Year, from Mr. Beck." He then continued, saying, "Now I can talk more at ease, since we know each other."

From that moment on, the speaker's interest never waned. Everything he said was live and true. With one incident after another, he illustrated the plight of the man who goes out into the world, unequipped, unreliable, unprepared, without character or ambition.

Out of his important and busy life Mr. Beck came to us, advising us in all sincerity with the one intent of helping us past the pitfalls and difficulties that wait to assail us in the world.

The speaker stressed the importance of giving heed to our conduct and work here and now. What senior is there who attended that assembly, upon whose mind is not stamped indelibly these words of wisdom and counsel, so true, so concise, that they need no supplement. "What you are to be, you are now becoming." We are too apt to underestimate the weight of that statement; too apt to disregard the power of advice. Ours, in later years, shall be the words of the man who says regretfully, after finding it is too late, "Would to God I could have listened when I was eighteen."

The speaker produced a small parcel. "When I went to South America," he said, "I saw that package there and bought one. This morning when I was leaving the North Station, I saw the same package there and bought one." He unwrapped the parcel. The audience wondered if he had been given the wrong package, why—it was only a box of—Uneeda Lunch Crackers. The effect was spontaneous. "That trade mark" he said, pointing to the end of the box, "is worth over a million dollars to that concern. Wherever you see that product, the trade mark is there. On every cracker in that box that mark is stamped. That trade mark is your assurance of quality, of all that stands behind that little package."

"So, too," he said, "everything you do has your

stamp on it—your trade mark. You can't get away from it. Everywhere you go, it goes with you. Every little thing you do, tells just what is behind it."

The speaker told of a young man who came into his office upon learning of his dismissal and said, "I am sorry to be leaving such a bad record with you, Mr. Beck."

The speaker smiled, "Do you know what I told him?" he asked. "I told him, 'Don't be sorry for that, young man. You are not leaving your bad record with me, you are taking it with you!'"

In rapid succession, the speaker told the tale of the high school graduates who had formed the bad habit of letting someone else take their responsibilities. Allowing them to "Slip in" and finish their work.

"Let George do it, is an old slogan," he said. It's the George that does things who becomes someone in the long run. He is the man who 'fills in.' The cases are too numerous to cite, of men who filled in and later pushed the other man aside. We don't put anything over on our employers or our teachers, the only one we 'put things over on' is the man we see when we look in a mirror."

For not one minute did the speaker slacken his pace. Not for a moment did he cause the tense interest of his audience to become lax.

A young man once worked in a foundry as a puddler. He had great aspirations to become a lens grinder. He was poor. He sought advice. He wrote a letter to

Langley, asking how he might come, in his circumstances, to realize his ambition. The letter he received contained one sentence which perhaps guided that young man to great attainment; it was this: "My boy, never let anything pass from your hands that is not, in your honest opinion, worthy of bearing your name." Again, the speaker stressed integrity, the sterling virtue of any man.

How often we have seen our ideals, our models, shattered in a world of chaos, because their characters could not stand the ravages of life. Temptations had bid them waver, and they could not resist. Should that cause us to be discouraged? No! the answer is emphatic. Rather, it should make us conscious of the need of integrity. It is that which stands the acid test. Character can stand when other things fall, and while it stands, the loss of other things is insignificant. When our character falls, we are doomed.

Everything that Mr. Beck said, alluded to our life here at school. Every bit of it is direct and true. We

are still in the 'plastic stage,' and so, every helpful advice we can take, will be to our betterment. We are still *men in the making*. Let us at least show our appreciation for the advice which these men have given us.

The best way to appreciate advice is to profit by it.

So, let us profit; let us strive, and strive earnestly to uphold the traditions of this school. Let us go out into the world well on our way, having started here to become *men of honor and achievement*.

—Frank A. Silvera



Cruising the Corridors with T. E. J.

WE FEEL highly honored in knowing a gentleman who attended a wedding recently, which was so aristocratic that the guests threw puffed rice. . . . Another acquaintance had the INDIVIDUAL experience of having been struck by an automobile, and after regaining consciousness, awakening to be questioned by the driver of the vehicle in regard to the correct road to another town. . . . Lately the following monologue was over heard in a lunchroom: "Will you please wait until I leave before you eat your soup—I can't stand music with my meals" . . . A determined freshman is still keeping his Near Year's resolutions, as a matter of fact, he is keeping them QUITE safe—in a steel-walled safe! . . . A math teacher asked one of his pupils how many apples he would have if he were given two—The pupil answered: "Three, sir, I have one in my pocket." . . . During the holiday "reprieve" a fellow went fishing. Arrived at the scene of his future efforts and possible success he questioned a fellow angler as to whether the fish were biting. The fisherman replied to the effect that they might be, but if they were, they were biting each other. . . . A good samaritan cautioned a boy to look out for the worms in a pear he was eating. The boy, claimed that when anyone was as hungry as he was,

the worms would have to look out for themselves. . . . On looking over the homeleson paper of a student the instructor was forced to observe that he could not imagine a single person capable of making so many mistakes—The beaming soph. replied, "You're wrong. My father helped me" . . . A senior still blushes involuntarily when he remembers the embarrassing incident in which he was involved on a recent train journey. As a matter of custom he looked under his bed. Needless to say, he was alarmingly shocked when he realized that he was in upper berth. . . . A prominent member of our senior class still maintains that after seeing some of our moving picture houses, hotdog stands, and filling stations, Buckingham Palace in England didn't look so good to him. . . . A fortunate scholar feels capable of crossing the center corridors safely, for he has a corn on the bottom of his foot, and he believes no one else can step on it but himself. . . . Some of the boys at school demonstrated their respect for Armistice Day by drinking their soup in silence. . . . And we leave you with the following backfire:—

Truly, one may be a deep thinker, but if he never speaks, how can anyone else tell what, or even whether, he thinks?

The Ghost of the Waters

T. Edward Jacobson

I PROTESTED that I could think of a number of other things we could do, other than going on a camping trip at this time of the year.

"What, for instance?" asked Jack from the depths of the easy chair in which he had ensconced himself.

"Well —", I began, and there I stopped. I was stumped. I couldn't possibly imagine a better thing to do, at least for the amount of money we had in the treasury. I looked about me, at the circle of faces. (It seemed to me they bore a look which accused me of being a kill-joy.) I glanced back at Jack. He was removing his pipe from his mouth. With great deliberation he emitted a cloud of blue smoke, gazed after it, and then lowered his eyes to meet mine.

"Then we'll go?" he asked quizzically.

"O.K. You win. I might as well make it unanimous."

For the rest of that evening we discussed plans and made final arrangements. I took my attention from the matters on hand long enough to look at my wrist watch. The dial denoted eleven o'clock. I looked across at Jack, and nodded significantly. He bent his head in assent. Despite my being president of the Adventurers Club, all seemed to look toward him as our leader. He promptly made the necessary motion, and with its being seconded, I arose and declared, "The meeting stands adjourned."

* * *

We arrived at Bridgeton the next day. There were seven of us altogether in the party. We immediately parked our cars in a garage, strapped our kits on our backs, and started toward the lodge on the banks of the Moose Pond. It was at this time that Jack gave us all a bit of a shock, when he made his way out of his own "flivver," accompanied by two of the other fellows, there was another person with him. It was his sister! Of all things!

Jack must have anticipated the scolding he received, for he didn't seem to mind it so much. However, he gained his point, and the girl came along.

We heaved a sigh of relief when we discovered that the cabin was divided into three separate rooms. We had been secretly worried about sleeping arrangements ever since I had discovered the presence of femininity. Then again, we had come out on this trip so that we could be ourselves, unrestrained, away from the conventions of society. Now we'd have to maintain "party manners."

By the time we had placed our equipment satisfactorily, examined the canoes, and had caught a few fish from the banks of the pond, night had fallen. A heavy wind had risen, and whitecaps played along the waters.

When we arrived back at the cabin we were greeted by the delicious odor of freshly made coffee, Jack's sister, Alice, was placing the steaming percolator on the camp table. She smiled to us. "I'm doing my best to make myself one of you—If you don't mind," she added as an afterthought. We did mind, but we didn't say so.

For perhaps ten minutes we sat about the table discussing various things. At the end of that time our nostrils were assailed by the delicious emanations of baked fish. We turned just in time to see Alice entering with a huge, full platter of fish. It tasted just as well as it looked. She smiled at us when we at last laid aside our eating implements, and loosened our belts. Our impression of Alice was changing.

However, we weren't going to let her know that, at least not at once. For that reason we smoked several pipefuls of tobacco at the table. We could see that she didn't enjoy it at all. Finally, with a sudden flash of inspiration she arose, left the room, and returned a few moments later, carrying Jack's accordion. That was another thing which raised her in our estimation.

Jack threw the cord over his neck, and with a few preliminary notes was soon launched in the catchy strains of some of the popular tunes of the day. In less time than it takes to tell, we had laid aside our pipes, and joined in. Alice smiled slightly as she saw the pipes placed aside. I caught Jack's eye across the table. He too, was smiling slightly. His lips trembled. I thought he was laughing, but I couldn't make sure, for he arose then to throw another log on the fire.

We had been going strong for about a quarter of an hour, when we ran short of new tunes. Pauses became rather frequent. It was during one of these the unwelcome bit of femininity who was present, made her suggestion. "Jack," she said, "Didn't you once tell me that there was a mountain on the other side of the lake?" He answered guardedly "Yes. What about it?"

"Well, I was just thinking—. What a lovely adventure it would be to climb that mountain —."

Jack interrupted her. "Yes, you ought to suggest that,—tomorrow." I thought there was a peculiar emphasis on "tomorrow."

"No," she retorted heatedly, "I mean tonight." The fellows gasped slightly. We all leaned back, leaving it all to Jack. After all, it was his particular worry. She hastened on, refusing to allow Jack to speak again. "I know just what you're going to say. It's too dangerous at night. Well, I know that. I came with you fellows so that I could get into a little danger—Why, Jack's been telling me about The Adventurers Club. I came to see some adventure, and anyway, anyone can climb

a mountain in the day time. The real adventure is to do it at night."

We all stepped in at this turn of events and for a half hour we all argued. However, there's no use discussing what was said. She had decided to go. If no one would accompany her she'd go alone, and being gentlemen we couldn't allow her to go alone.

She went, and with her went Jack, Phil, and Eddie.

It's hard to describe just how we felt, the four of us left behind. At first we felt somewhat like,—well,—not good sports, sending someone else out into the cold night while we were huddled up close by the fire. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed, we became conscious of the sighing of the wind in the branches of the trees outside. It started in the heights of Mt. Washington, howled down its precipices, struck the surface of the lake with a hollow roar, and then went screaming through the trees and past our lodge. We shivered involuntarily. A heavy gloom fell over us. We tried to tell jokes, but somehow we couldn't find any humor in them. We tried to sing, but our tones were flat,—and regardless how loud we sang, the shrilling of the wind was always several octaves stronger than we were. Perhaps it was because the girl had cast a cheeriness over us, perhaps it was the absence of our leader, Jack, or perhaps it was because we were tender-foot woodsmen. Whatever the reason was, we felt as though we had been left in the eerie darkness of a sun eclipse after the climbing party had left us.

The sounds of the wind grew even more noticeable. We began to distinguish human cries of despair in its depths. One of the fellows arose from his seat, and went out the door to the wood shed for more logs. I looked at the fire. It didn't in my estimation need more fuel. Henry, another one of the four sitting about the fire place went to the corner where the rifles were. He returned with his, and commenced to wipe it with an oily rag. Just then the door was pushed open. Bill, the boy who had gone out for the wood, stumbled in, trembling in every limb, his face ashen. We rushed over to him. I noticed that Henry had slipped a cart-ridge into the chamber of his 22.

"D'you hear it fellers, Huh?" he asked hysterically. We started to help him take his coat off, ignoring his question. He repeated it.

"Hear what?" someone asked.

"The scream," he said with a terrified expression. His eyes were distended with fear. We tried to soothe him, but just as we were about to finally pull off his coat, we heard something too. It was something which instilled a stark terror. We stood as if frozen. There it was again. It was the horrifying scream of a woman in distress. It started with a low moan of fear, rose to one of terror, and finally struck the blood-curdling sound of a person hysterical, in abject helplessness.

The door had been left open, and despite his apparent paralysis of fear, Bill was the first one through that door. In a moment's time we had all rushed out. Within a split second later we had pushed our other canoe into the cold, restless waters of the lake, had shoved off, and were paddling for dear life. The first thought which had burst on the minds of all of us simultaneously, was the belief that it was the voice of Alice, in danger. The sound had come from somewhere in the center of the lake. That was just about where Jack and his mountaineering party would be by this time, about half way across.

We paddled for all we were worth. We felt pains in our arms, our breath came fast, but still we drove ourselves forward. The pains became dull aches and we breathed in short agonized pants, but we couldn't rest. The thought of a person trying to live even for a few moments in the cold water of the lake was terrific. We pushed on.

Finally, after what seemed to be an interminable time, we reached what we believed to be the center of the lake. We found nothing, and slowing down to cruising speed, we paddled back and forth for a while. We had not had time to bring lanterns, and so were forced to try the use of our voice as a signal. Each of us in turn shouted. But our efforts were unrewarded; nothing but heavy, dark silence was our answer. We felt a sudden despair. A despair so deep that our stomachs felt quite sick. We had a peculiar regard for Jack and the other fellows with him, and, well, his sister wasn't so bad after all. Then, suddenly the same awful screech was heard again. Over to our left. We commenced once more to paddle furiously. We had to round a point. We nearly capsized on a slippery rock which protruded half out of the water. But our anxiety was so great that we scarcely noted our own danger.

Once more our hearts sank. There was nothing at all on the water. Absolute emptiness. No! there was a bit of gray on the surface. We moved toward it, and on our approach discovered it to be a mass of feathers huddled together. Closer examination proved it to be some species of water fowl, resting lightly on the lake top. We turned away with lumps in our throats, and leaden weights in our chests.

We started back. I felt myself all to blame. Why hadn't I prevented the trip? Then with alarming nearness and volume, the sound was heard again. It seemed directly behind us. I felt myself going insane. If it were a human voice, the person couldn't be in the water for it was too cold for humankind to exist so long in liquid of such a temperature. The place was haunted! I felt the hair on the back of my neck prickling. I looked about in terror, half afraid of what I should see. I was just in time to see Bill grip at something on the stern of the canoe. He missed, and the

"thing" sprang off, fluttering, into the air. The scream was heard again, but it was to be noted that it emanated from the throat of a strange bird. I felt like crying. The strain had been so great.

Bill suddenly moved so quickly that I grasped the gunwales, fearing the craft would tip. "Look!" he shouted. He pulled off his sweater, quickly grasped the edges of the boat, poised for an instant, and then with a heavy splash, swung himself into the icy waters of Moose Lake. What had happened? We feared Bill's fright earlier in the evening had upset his reason. We paddled quickly after him, but had not proceeded more than a few yards when we were forced to pull up. Bill had dived. We counted the seconds breathlessly. Finally he arose, bearing with him a limp figure clad in dripping clothing. "Here, grab this," he said, and with a supple twist of his body, he was back in.

"Alice!" we exclaimed in amazement, for it was she indeed, though more dead than alive. Bill had seen the nearly motionless shape on the water, about to sink, when he had leaped to her rescue. But we were not given much time for speculation. We suddenly heard a call from somewhere out to the right. This time we were sure it was human voices.

We sent our craft skimming the waves in the direction of the sound. There, not fifty yards from us, overturned, lay the canoe in which the mountain climbing party had set out, and grasping the smooth bottom with ever weakening grasp, were the masculine members of the crew.

With all possible speed we righted their boat, and effected a rescue.

A half hour later we discussed our strange adventure in the comfortable area before the blazing hearth. We all felt better. Alice even declared that we were really an adventurers' club. Jack smiled at me. "I wonder if the presence of the woman brought us the good luck or the bad."

A few minutes before he had explained to us that the horrifying shrieks we'd heard had been made by the Loon, an odd species of water fowl, which often makes cries similar to that of a woman in despair. They too had heard it. Alice had been frightened, and as the fourth scream sounded, close by them, she had moved impulsively, causing the boat to capsize. She had been thrown out of the reach and sight of the others.

In the meanwhile, we had been on the water since the second cry. Fortunately, we had been in the proximity of the near disaster at the critical moment.

Jack soon after began a discussion on the equilibrium of nature. How Mother Nature does something in error, and then promptly rights the situation. "Take for instance," he said, "the Loon. First the bird tips us overboard, and nearly causes us to drown, and then she screams again, and calls for help." He blew a cloud of tobacco smoke in the direction of his sister. He smiled slightly as she coughed.

The Symphony

Music!—advancing, curling, receding,
Waves and whirls of sound,
Like waves of water flashing,
In silver fabrics gowned.

Music!—A cataract of melody,
Falling, like the weights of doom,
Rising, like an anthem's ecstasy,
Combined, with pow'r to swoon.

Music!—Soft, warm, entrancing,
Bidding man make love,
Battle-sound, with horses prancing,
Calling forth the hosts of Jove!

—T. E. J.

1st Stude "I'm as famous as Napoleon now."

2nd Stude "How's that?"

1st Stude "I went down in History today."

Tradesman Life.

May I have the last dance with you?

You've already had it. *Imp, Brighton, High.*

A Message From Our Class President

I take this opportunity of extending to the senior class on behalf of the class officers our appreciation of the support thus far given, and to bespeak a continuance of your co-operation. We are all endeavoring to justify the confidence you have placed in us by electing us your class officers. The officers alone, however, can not carry on without the whole-hearted support of the individual members of the class. We can merely line up the various projects and direct the affairs. The success of our enterprises rests with you.

The various committees have been selected with the view of giving as wide a representation as possible. We could not place all who deserve the honor to serve on committees. There is a definite reward, however, that every member of the class may achieve. If each and every one of you will take an active part in the promotion of the various activities we are now engaged in, you can claim with some pride the honor of graduating in a class that will leave a banner record in the annals of the English High School,—the Class of 1934.

Here are ways in which you can help. Study them! Choose at least one of them for your major effort, and help a little with all the others.

First comes the Dance Committee, composed of the following: William J. Gannon, (107) *Chairman*, Daniel P. Lynch, (110) *Vice Chairman*, Paul S. Agrillo (101), Edward Bowers (102), James Casby (103) Roderick Davis (104) William J. Magner (111A) William H. McLean (111A) Francis Meehan (111B) Melvin M. Meyers (203);

The financial success of the class depends upon the number of seniors who participate in the class dances. We want a large representation at these enjoyable affairs. Bring *her* along and show what the class of '34 can do.

Next is the Picture Committee, consisting of the following: William J. Flynn (106), *Chairman*, Norman L. Wiswell (207), *Vice-Chairman*, John M. Connolly (103) John B. Dunphy (106) Edward J. Lomas (110) Edward F. Spellman (206).

Your co-operation here is very important. You will appreciate this more as the years go by. We want the picture of every member of the class for the group composite and for the Year Book. This is one project in which we have a good chance of beating all previous records. Make it 100%. Let every senior arrange for a sitting before the end of February.

The Song Committee has a task no less important to the class than that of the other committees, for the right song can not only arouse enthusiasm here and now, but in years to come can echo the spirit of fellowship of the class of '34.

The committee is as follows: Elliot M. Davidsen, (104) *Chairman*, Richard Roundburg (204) *Vice-Chairman*, Edward Jacobson (109) James F. McLean (111A).

Could you visualize the importance to you individually of becoming a member of the largest and most influential organization of its kind in the world, you would respond at once to the call of your Alumni Committee. Life membership costs only one dollar. It is the most profitable investment you can ever make.

Here is the committee: William Weinbecker (207), *Chairman*, Edward V. Barry (101), *Vice-Chairman*, Joseph A. Costello (104) William F. Downey (105) Bernard Goldston (107) George J. Hurwitz (108) Donald H. Richardson (204) David C. Rodman (204) John V. Travers (206) George A. Tutunjian (206)

For whatever success we may attain, we are greatly indebted to the skillful and sympathetic guidance of our Head Master and to the cheerful co-operation of those teachers who are freely devoting a generous proportion of their time in the interest of our class. We appreciate their help, we value their advice, and through the years will cherish their devotion.

VINCENT M. CROWLEY
President



Although due care is exercised by the editorial staff to give credit where it is due, it sometimes happens that unfortunate circumstances arise.

The Pirate's Tale submitted by Joel L. Cohen as an original poem and published in our December number was published last June in the *Lewenberg Outlook*, as a poem by Raymond F. Scannell.

We take this opportunity to give credit where it belongs.

Honor Roll

Nov. - Dec. 1933

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	Curran, D. J.		Seifert, M.
	Lutsky, M.		Shapiro, Lester
	Queen, E. A.		Shtogren, Anthony
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	Barnett, Benjamin		Tuden, Victor
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	Bornstein, Leonard E.		Weinbecker, W.
	Buccini, Romeo		White, Samuel R.
104	Connors, Robert		Whitmore, Reynold
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	Curtis, Robert		Yaffee, Bennie
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	Herscovitz, Harold		Cohen, Leo
	Holloway, Donald	211A	Davidson, Eli M.
	Hymans, Myer		Devaney, A. M.
109	Johnson, Alden	211B	Donatello, D.
	Kalis, Sidney		England, William
	Keazirian, Edward M.	230	Farley, George
	Keohane, James F.		Feeney, William V.
110	Levenson, Paul M.		Fogarty, Donald J.
	Light, Walter C.	231	Furlong, Thomas
	McCarthy, Joseph A.	301	Graffan, W. P.
111A	McGrath, John		Hannigan, Francis
	McKenzie, Robert	303A	Kaminsky, Abraham
	McLaughlin, Howard		Kohl, W. A.
	McLean, William	303B	Larson, Gunnar
	Maggio, Giaconeo		LaTora, Guy J.
111B	Miniutti, James A.		Kaplan, Melvin
	Montgomery, S.		Lipsitz, Herbert
201	Bushman, Victor	305	MacDonald, Donald E.
202	Roberts, Michael	306A	Martin, Frank
203	Murphy, Patrick F.	306B	Mitchell, James A.
	Murray, John	307	Moriarty, William H.
	Navickas, John P.		Munafo, M. F.
	Nugent, Charles E.		Natola, Generoso J.
	O'Brien, John J.	308	Nichols, Peter
	O'Hare, Paul A.		Nickerson, Robert
	Peters, Cyrus H.		O'Donnell, C. J.
204	Palansky, George		Orenstein, I.
	Raiklen, Hyman J.	309B	Rabinovitz, M.
	Richmond, J. W.	311A	Schlichte, Robert
	Rosoff, Sunner		Shea, Milton

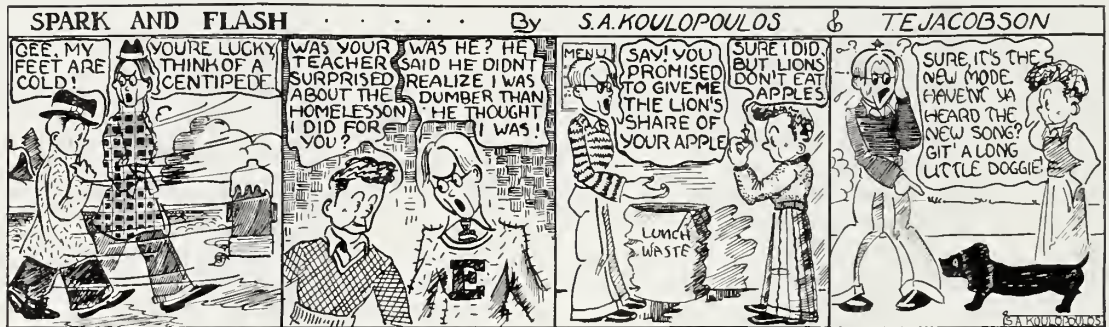
311B	Shmuckler, Max W.		
	Skeiber, Stanley	356	Ruggiaro, Francis
	Sudman, Saul		Saleson, Abraham
312	Tramonte, Alfred F.		Scicchitano, Joseph A.
	Valukonis A.		Sherman, Nathan
313	Witunsky, Michael		Shairman, Alvin
	Wong, Theodore	358	Sgarano, Joseph
	Wong, William		Turke, Martin V.
	Wons, Myroslow M.		Vallee, Oscar
	Young, Manoog S.	359	Walsh, David I.
	Zogaib, Jacob T.		Warren, H. R.
060	Arch, Arnold		Weiner, Albert
	Baglione, Vincent		Whitty, Paul W.
159	Bonanno, Walter		Wolfe, Charles G.
	Bornstein, Sidney		Yamolovich, Albert
	Boyko, William	149A	Amsler, Frank
	Brooker, M.	149B	Bush, John R.
159	Campbell, Elmore	150A	Curtis, Joseph
	Cariani, Anthony		Dabrowski, Edmond
	Carvile, Richard		Daniszewski, A. J.
160	Chivalsos, George		Desmond, R. J.
	Cidulha, Leo	150B	Dolan, Paul J.
	Cohen, Joel L.		Eifler, F. A.
	Collins, Ivan		England, John
	Copson, D. A.	150C	Glazier, W. L.
252	Cubilewich, Henry		Haliday, Bennie
	Crimmins, Francis J.	151	Kazloski, W. A.
253	Dinitrey, Meera S.	152	Lordan, Edward F.
254	Fallon L. J.		McDonough, P. F.
	Forsyth, James		McCabe, Thomas J.
255	Freedman, Daniel		McGary, Ralph
	Freeman, Benjamin		McGilvery, Edward
	Germainic, Morris	153	Mahoney, Daniel
	Golden, Maurice		Mazzucchello, Joseph
257	Hennessy, William H.	154	Nevin, T. L.
	Henry, Joseph P.		Nelson, Knute R.
	Irvine, R. W.		O'Halloran, R. F.
258	Jaccione, Steve		Nielsen, Austin
	Jack, P. W.		O'Hara, E. T.
	Jackson, Kingsbury T.	155	Quinn, Timothy J.
	Jacobs, Harold		Rados, Robert
	Jacobson, A. P.		Raiklen, Harold
	Kajander, A. J.		Reddington, Wilbur
258	Katz, Simon		Riddle, Thomas F.
259	Lee, Edward		Rymejs, Henry J.
	Kline, Melvin B.		Rogers, John G.
	Kushner, Edward		Runey, John F.
260	Levinsky, Rubin L.		Small, Edward G.
	Levy, Eugene P.		Smith, Albert A.
	Lord, Richard		Smith, David H.
	Pilato, Louis J.		Staffier, D. T.
	Mahoney, Charles F.	157	Swan, John
351A	Malmad, Abraham		Sweeney, John R.
351B	Margolis, William		Szuluk, Joseph
353	Perito, Paul		Totten, Robert J.
353	Pucillo, Joseph		Treacy, Francis X.
	Preston, Edward		Zevolo, Michael T.
354	Reale, Richard T.		
	Rosen, Samuel		

WALTER F. DOWNEY
Head Master.

Literary Laughs

T. E. J.

- "A Harvest Of Happy Years"—Memoirs of a Senior.
 "Les Miserables"—The fellows who are flunking three.
 "Droll Stories"—The humor section of the E.H.S. Record.
 "The Laughing Man"—The fellow who reads the Humor Dep't.
 "Toilers Of The Sea"—The boys who belong to the Sea Scouts.
 "Victory"—Our athletic teams, after a contest.
 "Three Soldiers"—The Color Guard.
 "Napoleon"—The Cadet Colonel.
 "Two Voices"—To study vs listen to the radio.
 "We Are Free"—That summer vacation feeling.
 "Aesthetics"—That in which our art classes indulge.
 "After Dinner Speeches"—Current Events Club Meetings.
 "The Deserted House"—E.H.S.—Saturday morning.
 "Anniversaries and Holidays"—Events E.H.S. students look forward to.
 "Arctic Regions"—The way to school on a cold morning.
 "Arms and The Man"—The daily exercise period.
 "Essentials of Economics"—Trying to make those car checks last.
 "Anyway I Laugh"—Listening to the "jokes" of a "dignitary."
 "Expectancy"—Waiting for the class bell to ring.
 "Squaring Accounts"—Entering the Mid-year Personality Marks.
 "The Best Cook Book"—The invisible guide of our lunch counters.



Farmer: "That's the cutest little pig I have. His name is Ink."

Visitor: "How's that?"

Farmer: "He's always running out of the pen."

Imp, Brighton High.

1st Stude: "I spent eight solid hours on my history last night."

2nd Stude: "You did? How come?"

1st Stude: "I put it under my mattress and slept on it."

Imp, Brighton High.

A Celestial Conflict

Though the moon was in full, but as fierce as a bull
And had lit up the heavens of blue..
'Twas an odd sort of scene for the sky to convene
For the sun was in his splendor too.

I know well I'm not clear, so give heed and you'll hear
Of the trouble that came 'twixt these lights;
First, the sun with each ray wanted more than the day,
And the moon wasn't pleased with just nights.

So together they came, each recorded its claim
That "the one to rule all should be I,"
Then the one thing to do was make war in the blue
To determine the Lamp of the sky.

Madam Moon hired Mars and some thousands of stars
And they formed the bright army of Lune;
But Old Sol who was wise had great tears fill his eyes
As he thought of the death of the moon.

For the sun brought his sweat and together they met
The great Lune with each solar ally;
And he vowed in low breath that he'd roast them to
death
With his heat, then rule over the sky.

But the same sort of idea had been held, don't you
fear,
By the foe of Old Sol with his heat;
For the moon who was bold said she'd use her fierce
cold
And would freeze Old Sol up from the feet.

So together they came, and 'twas really a shame,
Then each turned weather guns toward the foe;
When the moon got the heat she thought sure she'd be
beat,
But the sweat on the sun turned to snow!

And since neither could "knock off the other one's
block"
And they stood yet upon their first stands,
They made peace with a law and then called off the
war
And shook beams (since they had all but hands.)

The agreement they drew finished war in the blue
And the terms of the treaty now say:
"Madame Moon has her might all alone in the night,
And Old Sol is the monarch by day."

—Theodore Karger

*To Lincoln**Frank Silvera*

The way of all men is but to the grave;
 Thus, do we make accounts to him, who gave
 To us the very right to breathe, and breath;
 Who summons us at will—we call it—death.

Tho we may tarry not upon the way,
 Still we can build our mansions from today:
 For when the roll is called, and we reply,
 Few, few, shall leave what stands immortally.

Oh Lincoln, thine for one shall ever be,
 A monument to truth, integrity
 And love, that braves the ravages of time,
 Tho walls may crumble into dust and grime.

Our greatest praise is humbled in thy name,
 Who bore God's yoke, nor bow'd beneath thy fame;
 God grant us will to fashion thee, that then
 We'll learn to serve, and love our fellow men.

*E. H. S. Welcomes the return of
Fencing Team*

The fencing squad is making good progress. Regular practice is held every afternoon until 3:30 o'clock in the hall opposite Room 308.

The immediate prospects for the team are quite promising, as several of the '32 squad are enrolled. It is expected that a schedule of matches with nearby teams will be arranged in the near future.

We found these among Our Exchanges

Gentlemen:

In reply to your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman; having been both for several years, I offer my services.

—*Tradesman Stanford Chaparral.*

This Italian fighter has to have a bed over seven feet long.

Say, that's a lot of bunk.

—*Tradesman Annapolis Log.*

Do these Englishmen understand our American slang?

Some do; why?

My daughter is about to be married to a lord in London and he has cabled me to come across.

—*Tradesman Pathfinder.*

Athletic Notes

THE fleet-footed members of the undergraduate body were called to a meeting of candidates of the E.H.S. Track Team on December 8th. If the old adage "safety in numbers" is true, our hold on the Indoor Regimental Championship shall not be relinquished, for no less than 518 enthusiastic trodders of the boards were welcomed by their coach and mentor, Mr. Ohrenberger.

Capt. Arthur Cox, crack 1000 yarder, and able leader of the multitudinous flock, will undoubtedly inspire the boys on to greater efforts. Too much cannot be said of Art who is not only one of the leading athletes in the school but who also capably officiates in the capacity of Secretary-Treasurer of the Senior Class. Dan Lynch and his running mate "Beanie" Yaffee will, your scribe predicts, be credited with many points in the "600." In the 300 we have a wealth of first class material in Bill Little, Ralph King, Chick Nazzaro, Joe Foley, and Frank O'Meara. Our dash men are Vic Dinarello, Moorefield Price, George Frank, "Nick" Schiavone, Al Hellenthal, a quintet of capable and ambitious sprinters. Sal DiDomenico a veteran and very snappy hurdler is also expected to bring home the bacon in his other field of endeavor, that of broad jumping. "Red" Gill is very apt to break the broad jump record and of course all eyes are centered on him as he practices faithfully. Many veteran shot putters have made their appearance and among them we find such aspiring Leo Sextons as John Connolly, Don Claflin, "Chick" Nazzaro, Charlie Amorosino and Al Munichiello.

Our Intermediates are truly a collection of ostentatious performers. In the dash we shall enter such "well knowns" as Frank Zeimetz, Elliot Davidson, Joe Joyce, Ed Cohen, and Al Taurinsky. The hurdlers are: Amby Carson, Doug Fagan, John Keady, Matty Gill and Mike Witunski. Among those in the "220" we have Rod Battles and a host of lesser lights. Benny Goldstein, Herb Whitley, John Barrett, Bill Norton and Bob Hayden make up our "600" men. The putters of the 8-pound pill are; Rod Battles, Prescott Coan, Victor Dinarello, and "Ducky" Ryan. With the high jumpers we find John Powers, George

Thanopoulos, Deane Peacock among their many pupils

Our Juniors are very numerous and of course we do not expect to recognize many familiar names among them, but such denominations as Tom Powers, Reggie Benn and Paul Mazzeo are very familiar.

Competition for the berths on the Blue and Blue Relay Team is exceedingly strong this year. Among the aspirants we find Capt. Cox, Dan Lynch, Bill Little, "Beanie" Yaffee, Ralph King, and Joe Foley. Manager "Morty" Zimmerman and his tribe of assistants consisting of Thomas Scanlon, Angelo Musto, Bill Hannon, John O'Brien, James Hughes and Tom Knowles are on the job.

Prediction: English High will retain the Reggie Title.

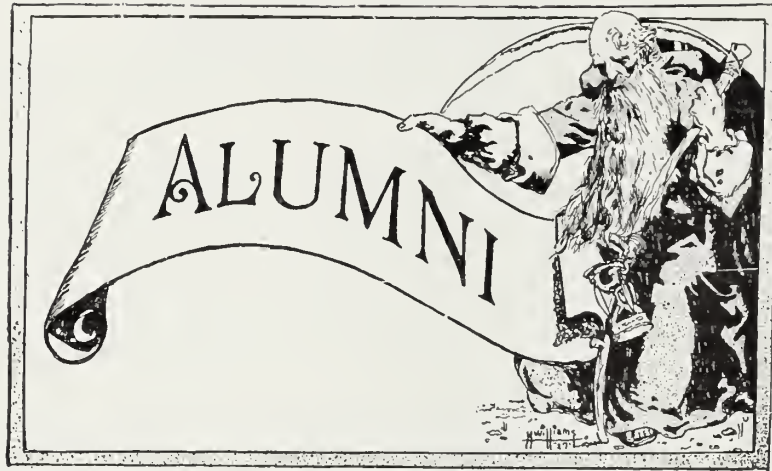
SCHEDULE		
DATE	OPPONENTS	PLACE
Jan. 26	Commerce	Armory
27	Northeastern	YMCA
27	Prout Games	Garden
Feb. 2	Dor.—Mech.	Armory
10	B.A.A.	Arena
12	Latin	Armory
17	Andover	Andover
March 3	Regimentals	Armory
7	Relay Carnival	Armory
10	State Meet	Garden

NOTES

In the Drill Hall at the close of school every day, we may find none other than F. Richard "Herman" Quigley ably assisting Coach Ohrenberger. "Herman," although very busy at his task finds a few minutes of leisure now and then which he puts to advantage by training himself for the spectacular races he will run for Boston College and the United States Naval Academy.

We are happy to note that Mr. D. Leo Daley is the official starter at all schoolboy meets. It is a pleasure to see him in action.

James H. F. O'Brien is also an official at the Armory. "Obie" can be seen and heard announcing at the meets.



IT GIVES us great pleasure to print the following, which we have received from Northeastern University regarding our former graduates.

Kenneth P. White, '31, won third place in the annual speaking contest held at Northeastern University. Kenneth is a third year student in the college in the School of Business Administration. He is a member of the Phi Beta Alpha Fraternity, and is active in the many student groups in the University.

Arthur S. Dwyer, '33, and Anders H. Randlov, '33, have entered the University where they both achieved the distinction of being on the freshman Honor List for the first marking period. They are both enrolled in the School of Engineering with the class of 1938.

Helmut Haendler, '30, who is a junior in the chemical engineering curriculum, is the outstanding member in his class. In his sophomore year he was elected to the Senate, scholastic honor society of the School of Engineering. Election to this society is the highest honor that Northeastern confers on her undergraduates as the requirements are based on strict standards of scholarship, personality, and character.

Sumner Shane, '32, a sophomore chemical engineering student has played football for two years and is a member of the Kappa Zeta Phi Fraternity.

Edgar Jackson, '31, is a third year student enrolled in the school of Business Administration under the five-year plan.

Edward McNamara, '32, has the honor of being mentioned on the Honor Roll for the first marking period.

Samuel Miln, '32, a sophomore at this University is also mentioned on the Honor Roll for the first marking period.

It is interesting to note that English High School has been given the highest scholastic rating at Northeastern University because of the many students, former graduates of E.H.S., who have appeared on the Dean's List for the last marking period.

William Randle Becker, '33, now attending Rensselaer Polytechnic Inst. has elected the Aeronautical Engineering course.

Obituary

Everett Morss of the Class of '81 died in Boston on Dec. 27. After leaving E.H.S. he entered Mass. Inst. of Technology and was graduated there in 1885. For many years he served as a member of the corporation of M.I.T., and at his death was its treasurer. He was also a prominent business man, director of many corporations, and had served as a president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

A brother, Charles A. Morss, was graduated from E.H.S. in 1875, and at the time of his death was Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of this district. Both were members of the committee having in charge the celebration of the English High Centenary in 1921.

Song Similes and Smiles

T. E. J.

- "Dinner at Eight"—An Alumni Reunion Banquet.
 "I Got to Get Up and Go To Work"—The morning after Christmas Rest.
 "Bless Your Heart"—To the teacher who gives a "charity" mark.
 "I Would If I Could, But I Can't"—The lazy pupil's alibi.
 "Close Your Eyes"—One of those last period study hours.
 "Free"—The lunch-counter silverware some fellows "appropriate."
 "Tomorrow"—Greeted joyously if it's Sunday, sadly if it's Monday.
 "I Gotcha Where I Wantcha"—The Senior, in reference to his diploma on about June 1st.
 "I'd Be Telling A Lie"—Another excuse for refusing to give a recitation answer.
 "Puddinhead Jones"—Dedicated to the fellow who is only "physically present" at school.
 "Moonlight Memory"—Pleasant reminiscences to be felt about the Senior Prom.
 "Me For You Forever"—The theme song of the Graduating Class to E.H.S.
 "Heaven Only Knows"—Some of the answers to those mid-year queries.
 "Paradise Lane"—That aforementioned Christmas "reprieve."
 "One More Mountain To Climb"—The Junior becomes a Senior.
 "It's Only A Paper Moon"—A stage prop in one of the E.H.S. dramatic productions.
 "Early To Bed"—The secret of a star scholar's success.
 "Temptation"—the desire to "compare" sheets in an examination.
 "Heartbreaker"—The report card that "breaks" a cadet officer.
 "Pomp And Circumstance"—The cadet captain's manner on the drill floor.
 "A Fool's Paradise"—The fellow who carries 20 or so study periods a week.

Corn Cob Sophisms

T. Edward Jacobson

He who shouts loudest against the mistakes of others, is usually one who himself makes many errors.

One's start may be bad, but as in a footrace, life's power is determined by the finish.

As each year of age adds another wall of lime to the shell of an oyster, so should the passage of time add new layers to the walls of our minds.

Judge not the contents by the surface, for in the boisterous ocean's cold dark cellar, the heaven colored pearl is resident.

Learn to enjoy the brightness of today, for even if you enjoy the sun which MAY shine again tomorrow, you will still have lost something of life's sunshine.

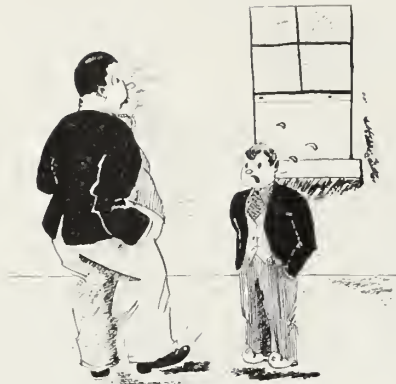
The best way to cure oneself of the fear that walls have ears is to learn to say things one has no fear the walls will hear.

Regardless of the time, irrespective of the place, life's grains of sand fall with inexorable speed; so speed them on through times and scenes of joy.

'Tis true, the man who acts like a fool is inane, but what can justifiably be said of the persons who PAY to see the antics of a fool?

Good books are friends; be careful whom you trust your friends to.

It may be that the pen is mightier than the sword, but it is best to understand the use of both.



TEACHER—I NOTICE IN THE PAPER
THAT THERE WERE 20,000
PEOPLE AT YOUR SISTERS WED-
DING! YESTERDAY.

TRUANT:—YES SIR, MY SISTER
IS VERY POPULAR.

HARRY MOSKOWITZ



NO I WASN'T RINGING I WAS
TOLLING. I THOUGHT YOU WERE
DEAD!

WILEY WHITE '38

1st Stude "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

2nd Stude "The night before the exams."

Tradesman.

Tommy, what are you doing in the pantry?

Oh, just putting a few things away.

Imp, Brighton High.

Customer "The sausages you sent to me were meat
at one end and bread crumbs at the other."

Butcher "Quite so, madame. In these hard times
it is very difficult to make both ends meat."

—Imp, Brighton High

Papa, what do you call a man who runs an automo-
bile?

That depends on how near he comes to hitting me.

Imp, Brighton High.

She: "What would you do if I should cry?"

He: "I'd hang out a sign, 'Wet Paint.'"

—Distaff, Girl's High.

We call him horse because he takes after his fodder.

—Distaff, Girl's High.

E-35: Are you sure that this is an original theme?
Not exactly. You may find one or two words in the
dictionary.

—Distaff, Girl's High.

What's that you're putting in your pocket? asked
Murphy.

Dynamite, whispered Donovan. I'm waiting for
Casey. Every time he meets me he slaps me on the
chest and breaks my pipe. Next time he'll blow his
hand off.

Imp, Brighton High.

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Futurity

Sometimes I sit and think about tomorrow,
And wonder what the future holds for me:
What joys, what triumphs or what painful sorrow—
What fate impels yon dark futurity.

Sometimes I say, "O would that I could know it."
I ask, is there no way it may reveal
Its mystifying form?—Nothing can show it,
Tho to our hearts its blindness doth appeal.

Sometimes again I think: Ah, glad 'tis veiled;
'Tis better that our fates we cannot see.
'Tis best to work and have our fears assailed,
Than grope and wane in yon futurity.

—F. A. Silvera

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